Titus. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what would thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the ſunne with fogge as ſometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.
Marcus. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Titus. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my paſſios bottomleſſe with them.
Marcus. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his bigſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the ſea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them.
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues.

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſen. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.

And

And heeres thy hand in ſcorne
Thy griefes their ſports: Thy
That woe is me to thinke vpor
More then remembrance of my
Marc. Now let hot Ætna co
And be my hart an euer-burni
Theſe miſeries are more then
To weepe with them that weep
But ſorrow flouted at, is double
Luci. Ah that this ſight ſhoul
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink
That euer death ſhould let life b
Where life hath no more intere
Marc. Alas poore hart that k
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſn
Titus. When will this fearefu
Mar. Now farewell flatteri
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy
Thy warlike hand, thy mangle
Thy other baniſht ſonne with
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, an
Euen like a ſtony Image, cold
Ah now no more will I contro
Rent of thy ſiluer haire, thy oth
Gnawing with thy teeth, and b
The cloſing vp of our moſt wr
Now is a time to ſtorme, why a
Titus. Ha, ha, ha.
Marc. Why doſt thou laugh
Titus. Why I haue not anothe
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemi
And would vſurpe vpon my w
And make them blinde with t
Then which way ſhall I finde

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.